

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE



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CHAS. E. DAWSON

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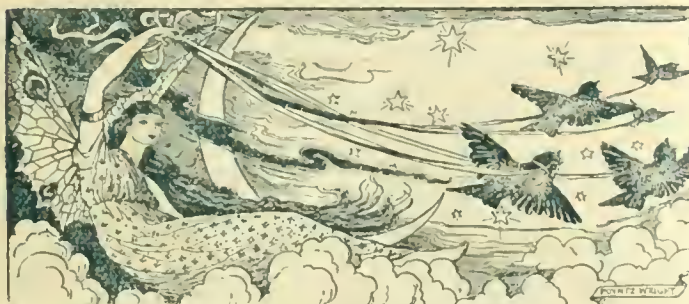
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ONE PENNY.

The Soul's High Noon.



This is thy hour, O Soul,
Thy free flight into the worldless ;
Away from books, away from art,
The day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent,
Gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best.
Walt Whitman.

When the world around us is wrapped in darkness and our physical being is hushed into sleep; when the tired brain ceases its response to material vibrations, and we become, to all intents and purposes, dead to this lower sphere and its affairs, it is possible for us to awake to the sensations of a higher consciousness.

The midnight hour is the soul's high-noon, for then may it go forth to its native realm, and hold communion with kindred souls, and re-visit the home-land where it dwelt before it came into exile upon this earthly plane and took upon itself the fleshly form with all its disabilities and limitations, in order that its spiritual evolution and destiny might be fulfilled.

This is the hour when we may obtain refreshment and compensation, illumination and guidance; and, to some, it is also the hour of open vision.

For we may remember that it is written: "For so He giveth to His beloved during sleep."

We obtain transcient glimpses of the heavenly sphere even during our wakeful hours, but only at rare intervals, and when we least expect them.

Perchance, through the strains of some divinely inspired melody—some heart-song, poured forth by an earthly

singer, which is an echo of the soul-music of the land we used to know.

Or, by some still landscape, in the early morning, when the autumn mists linger about the valleys at sunrise, and even the birds are almost hushed into silence by the beauty that surrounds them.

Or, it may be, by some touch of pathos in life's drama, when we see frail humanity become transfigured for a time by the manifestation of the divine attribute of self-sacrificing love in some form of beneficent ministry.

Or, when we come into touch with men and women of genius, who reveal to us the glorious possibilities of our human nature, and thus enable us to realize the altitude of culture that obtains amongst the aristocracy of the Soul-world.

But come how they may, these glimpses of a higher sphere awaken within us sub-conscious memories of the spirit-land from which we are for a time exiled; and for a few brief moments, or hours which seem but moments, we breathe our native air once more, and find new life through such inspiration. The gates of the Eternal City are thrown ajar for us and the glory of God's Paradise streams forth to lure us towards Heaven.

At such times, and while we are under the spell of such experiences, we soar above this material and fleshly plane in which we are imprisoned, and our higher nature, our *real self*, triumphs over physical limitations.

We mount up on wings like eagles, and feel that henceforth we can run our appointed race without weariness, and tread life's stony path without fainting.

Our ever-present sense of failure and shortcoming fades into oblivion, and seems as though it had never been.

We live for a time our *real* life, and feel that nevermore shall our soul-garments be soiled by the mire of this evil world.

And we rise above all fear of death, and long to be unclothed with this mortal vesture, so that we may return to that realm which instinctively we love and dimly remember, and to that social circle in which we know, intuitively, that true and ideal fellowship is to be found.

"The pure in heart not only see God themselves, but they become a medium for transmitting his thoughts to others."

Alas! too seldom come these moments of clear vision, these glimpses of the unseen realities. Could we but command them at will, our lives would be transformed, and we should walk this earth even as do the Angels of God.

But the veil of our material consciousness and the constant intrusion of material cares, shut out from our view the eternal world which is unseen by fleshly organs of sight, and our souls languish and grow faint through lack of spiritual realization.

In the case of many of us the fleshly veil is so dense that it is only possible to get into touch with the Higher World during sleep.

But in consequence of the wall of separation that exists between the physical-consciousness and the soul-consciousness, there is, usually, no recollection upon awakening, of what has been seen and heard and experienced.

It is only given to us to know that during those silent hours, whilst our bodies have been to all appearance dead, we have become strangely refreshed, and are able once more to face life's burdens bravely and with renewed hope.

We do not apprehend the fact, but invisible Helpers have ministered to us in our need whilst this world and its concerns have been shut away from our view.

There is no reason why we should live on without developing higher consciousness.

Our astral and soul-faculties, our spiritual senses, are only awaiting that recognition and cultivation which takes place when individual evolution reaches an advanced stage—they will not for ever lie dormant.

And it may truly be said concerning many of us, that it is our privilege to become, even now, familiar with that plane upon which we shall function when we become, physically, disembodied.

And as we thus get to know and to understand the mystery and reality of this higher life, death will lose all terror for us, and we shall find that prayer fulfilled which many of us were taught to repeat with wondering hearts in our days of childhood:

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed."

By cultivating the habit of entering the condition of natural sleep with sincere aspiration that helpful influence and revelation may be given to us during the hours of physical unconsciousness, we can create psychic conditions that may result in a rich harvest of blessing, and we may also by this means learn to face our last physical sleep with perfect equanimity and trustfulness.

And if, with holy purpose, we earnestly seek for illumination in this manner, purifying ourselves in consequence of cherishing such a hope, and doing what we can to remove the things that hinder—by abstinence from carnal food and carnal-mindedness—our seeking will not be altogether in vain.

"And the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Sidney H. Beard.

The Horrors of Slumdom.

(Being extracts from certain articles by Julie Sutter, which were published recently in the *Daily News*).

I spoke to a lady the other day, one eager to help if she but knew how, and who, being a person of means, is walking the slums bravely. "Have you ever thought what they do with their dead people—the unburied dead?" I asked her. "No," she said. No, I echoed, we don't think of these things, yet there must be some scores, some hundreds of dead bodies in the one-room dwellings every night.

If we really had a picture before our soul's eye of how the poor live and how they die, I think we would rise in a body and with our own hands pull down that national iniquity—the one-room tenement.

Imagine some poor mother, or a half-grown consumptive son or daughter, dead at last in that one room. This is passing over the many weeks of lingering death amid the living; picture to yourself these weeks, and in all probability but one bed in the room. But now the weary struggler is at rest; he has escaped from the misery, the groans and filth, the curses, maybe, of that one room. The poor corpse cannot be "laid out" on a decent bed, for the one bed is wanted for the still living. They get a coffin, but what can they do with it and the dead sleeper within? It will be standing for two, three days, maybe on a chest of drawers, maybe on or under a table, the little ones of the family taking their meals in the gruesome presence; and at night—yes, at night—the adult "wakers" will seek to banish the horror—how?

Have you ever thought of the scenes going on night after night in a great city? And not the presence of a corpse alone, frightful enough though that be, but of the living horrors of drink, and of things following upon drink, witnessed by the children of tender age; what do you think goes on here and there about the one-room city, while you lie modestly in your comfortable bed? A "city of the dead" surely!

Britain prides herself on her hygienic arrangements. Why has she no general mortuaries to receive, under compulsion if need be, the dead bodies of the poor? Abroad, in certain towns, where the "one-room" of British fame scarcely exists, you will find provision made in the cemeteries, and even comparatively well-to-do people, if they have not sufficient accommodation, may give up their dead sleepers—the crowded poor, as the case may be, *have* to give them up—to the city's care.

I remember walking through such a mortuary once, its outer doors standing wide open, cross-doors at right angles with air-swept passages, the inside consisting of plate-glass compartments—locked of course.

The dead were all visible, each in his transparent chamber, ready for burial, and a peaceful sight it was. "What are those strings going up?" And, to be sure, they were electric bells, each wire rising from a ring slipped on a dead forefinger; even this precaution was taken, and a bell would be set ringing in the rare case of a possible trance.

These mortuaries are provided for hygienic reasons, and therefore compulsory whenever the coroner, who in Germany

has to certify every death, sees fit; but in this enlightened Britain of ours hygienics somehow never seem to affect us further than our own noses; the dead bodies of the poor do not interfere with our comfort, so we let them alone. Were some pestilence to threaten, the Angel of Death going forth from the overcrowded slums to smite us and our first-born, then perhaps we would grow careful.

But the dead in the one-room slum-dwellings, indeed, are not the worst horror; it is the polluting presence of the living. What do you think are the nightly visions of many a slum-child, its experience of its own parents, drunk or not? What faintest chance has the morality of a slum-child? Yet these children are the rising generation, the ill-guarded boy growing into a coarse-minded youth, and into a man of whom a clergyman can speak as a "brute of a husband," and a "pig"!

Whose fault is it? Is the city not answerable for her citizens?

Some of us think much of Ruskin. Read what he says about the absolute necessity of surrounding child-life with nought but beautiful pictures, with harmony, with music. Then what of the music cradling the slum-babe?

Go up any of these wretched stairs and you find the wee toddling things crowding in corners by the half-dozen. There is something wonderfully sedate about a little slum-child; it must be that they never have anything to play with, getting, as the saying is, "more kicks than ha'pence" as soon as they can crawl. What can they do but sit sedately, yet with the sweetest smile on their grimy little faces, when you invade their domain?

The wistful smile of these slum-babes! Yet think of the influences on their little souls of what science calls "the impact of impressed forces"—forces of uncleanness all about them, by day, by night. God help their little souls! And twenty years hence they will be men and women, and we shall say—"if only they did not drink!"

That fearful one-room home! I have looked into some where they drink, and some where they don't drink, and I declare the state in both is an iniquity crying to Heaven day and night. And let me say it was in a room where they do not drink that I felt for the first time what Christ must have felt when He wept over the city.

It was in Glasgow I went to see something of "how the poor live" in that wealth-gathering place; we have similar things in London. There was a woman not much over thirty, good-looking and well-spoken—she may have known better days, perhaps, before she married. Her husband was a carter, earning twelve shillings a week when in work, but how often was he thrown out! He had been for ten weeks out of employment that winter. They had three boys between four and eleven, and in the dirtiest cradle I ever saw lay twins! The woman told her story simply, how that winter they had starved, and starved, and how in the midst of that starvation the little pair was born; they were five or six months old now, but she still fed them with her own starved life. "I cannot afford milk," she said. All she had for herself, even now that things went better, was a cup of tea and a piece of bread, with a morsel of cheese or bacon

at best, yet nursing twins. She had not been out since the birth of these children. "I feel so disused to the air," she said, "I grow faint-like going along the street." Poor thing! it was something else; "faint-like" with a mother's heroic struggle for the life of these little twins.

That she was a respectable woman and trustworthy was evident from the fact that she was employed as a sort of under factor, collecting the rents of all that stair for the landlord's agent, who paid her for this little trouble, not to say honesty, at the rate of ten shillings a year! She thus often had three or four pounds lying in the broken teapot which served for a cash-box. "Is that money never any temptation to you?" "No," she said, "I cannot say it is." No temptation! This were fine testimony, even if she had only herself to think of; but she was a starving mother with five hungry children. This is heroism.

The woman had a dress on, which—one could tell by its flounces and frillings—once had decked a lady fair. "This dress looks rather thin," said I, meaning that somehow the poor woman's bones and angles all showed through. "Look," she said, unpinning her bosom, for the garment had not a button left, though it had flounces and frills; "look," and—good heavens! there was not a scrap of under-garment beneath. Probably, like some bird-mother plucking her own feathers to cover up her young, she had torn up the one or two under-garments she may have had to wrap the infants in, for they were wrapped in loose pieces of calico and flannel, and it was all they had.

This is "how the poor live"; and how do they die? Here is a cutting from a London newspaper showing how they die, throwing a sidelight at the same time on "the horrible districts where the poor of London are heaped together—live one cannot say. How many places must there be like ——— Street, Mile-end? There, in one little filthy room, huddled together, were a mother and her full-grown son—Norah Morris, the widow of a seaman, and John, a labourer. The place could hardly be called a room; it was merely a roofed-in space, but part of a house; rent was taken for it, and these people were allowed to use it for a habitation. For a window was a small piece of corrugated glass stuck in between the tiles. For furniture there was nothing but dirt and evil smells. Mrs. Morris lay in a corner on a heap of rags. The son was out of work. A pitying neighbour now and then brought in a cup of tea, and at last she found the wretched woman dying. The parish doctor came, and when he had borrowed a candle, saw the pitiful object in the last moments of her misery. He speedily sent for a cab, but before it came the woman had died of bronchitis, heart-disease and want of food.

We have these revelations winter after winter; anyone who cared might make up "A Book of Judgment and Condemnation" out of mere newspaper cuttings. It is not for want of knowledge that these things continue; the merciful public is told again and again by a faithful Press how the poor live, how they die, and how wretchedly they are housed; but this high and mighty England, this country of "Home, Sweet Home," has no remedy for her people. Yet we are always doing, only not just the right thing; *the true remedy somehow escapes us.*

The Rising Tide of Conviction.

The following Ministerial utterances in Condemnation of Carnivorism and in Favour of Humanity in Diet, which have been recently printed in the public Press, evidence the rapid growth of the sentiment which is taking place in the religious world, that the habit of eating blood-stained food is **WRONG** and that it ought to be abandoned by every truly religious person.

Without doubt, our duty to the lower animals, on which depends the problems of carnivorism, vivisection, sport, and others, is the question of our generation as slavery was the question of two generations ago. Every man and woman in whom conscience is awake, and a sense of duty is consciously followed, *must face this question*, and decide on which side he will range him or herself. It is on this question in our day that has come—

“The moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good
or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering
each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
upon the right.”

It is not a question of palate, of custom, of expediency, but of *right*. As a Christian minister, I have had to make my decision. My palate was on the side of custom; my intellect argued for the expedient; but my higher reason and conscience *left me no alternative*. The law, “Thou shalt not kill,” is imperative and universal. Our Lord came to give life, and we do not follow Him by taking life. So I was compelled against myself to eschew carnivorism. Now, I see that on every plea, it is advantageous, and I beg to testify that as a result of five years' experiment a bloodless diet is the best in every way. It alone enables one to present his body a living sacrifice; alone fulfils the law of physical righteousness.

Every preacher knows the impossibility of a proper devotional spirit being engendered after a hearty meaty dinner—and what dinner of meat is not heavy?—a light fruit repast has no such inconveniences. The proper mood after a carnivorous meal is to sleep like a hog (I speak from experience): thinking is out of the question, sporadic animalism is the natural sequence; but that gross indolence is done away with after a brief trial of the saner, saintlier diet.

I, therefore, beg to say “Hear, hear” to the cogent and lucid and irrefutable statements adduced in your columns by Mr. Sidney Beard and Mr. Harold Whiston, Revs. J. Todd Ferrier and H. J. Williams and others, men whose words carry the strongest weight with them, and are backed up by unshaken and unspotted integrity.—Yours, etc.,

J. TYSSUL DAVIES, B.A.

West Grove Free Christian Church, Cardiff.

* * *

If the name of Christ stands on this terrestrial globe of ours as the watchword of goodness, mercy, and refinement of life, surely our strife with the habits of kreophagy is on the line of a sane evolution and in alliance with the highest teachings of the Gospel.

Is not the poet Tennyson held in high repute in Christian society and outside of it too, and though he was a weak practical reformer still his words are trenchant enough, and his thoughts as to the gradual working out of the tiger and the beast in men are often quoted.

It is clear from sacred and secular testimonies that man is still an animal full of divers lusts, and selfishness and thirst for blood. Will some of our critics suggest a better aid than the one we have adopted ourselves and advise others to, to realize the Divine ideals?

H. J. WILLIAMS.

The Rectory, Kinross.

The longer one lives, and the more one observes and thinks, the more one is bound to admit that this reformed mode of living is in stricter harmony with the principles of Christ's teaching, and the Spirit underlying His Gospel. If it be true, and I cannot but believe that it is, that the indulgence in animal flesh involves the infliction of cruelty upon creatures, and the loss of refinement in man, then I cannot possibly feel justified in encouraging it. Only the other week a slaughterman said to me, “If people had my work to do they would all be vegetarian. I hate my work. I am losing my self-respect, and yet what am I to do, it is the only trade I know? I would leave it to-morrow if I could.”

Is it not a surprising fact that people who have not the heart to shoot their dog or drown their cat when old age or incurable disease demands it, will nevertheless employ men to do work almost infinitely more revolting, and, as we think, by no means essential. I have tried to see the consistency, but have failed.

There is also one other fact about which I have been thinking much lately. Let us grant for the sake of argument that we have our rights upon the sub-human creation—I use this phrase for want of a better—is it not better that mercy should guide us in the exercise of such power than we should demand our pound of flesh?

Hitherto I have not been a pledged abstainer from flesh-foods, but I am determined from this time forth to have nothing to do with any system or mode of living which involves the possible degradation of man, or the wilful and unnecessary destruction of any of God's creatures.

W. B. ALLCOCK.

The Manse, Leek.

* * *

From the moral side there is no argument in defence of our flesh-eating habits, but as I cannot hope to dwell at any length of time upon the subject, I will just summarise my own thoughts under simple headings as below.

First, unless we are ourselves as hypocrites we had better give up at once our foolish talk and Christian prayers about gentleness and love while we lay blood-stained hands and ravenous lips upon God's creatures. We cannot be spiritual beings and beasts of prey at the same time.

Secondly, it is more inhuman to relegate the horrible work of the slaughter-house to another person and obscure through blood the chances of his soul's redemption, than it is to do the horrid work ourselves. We cannot grow in grace and Godliness while we thus damn our fellow men.

Thirdly, it is quite futile to cherish art and a sense of beauty, whether it be in sculpture, poetry, or song, while we mangle and destroy the creatures God has created.

Lastly, can anyone explain why the civic authorities compel the horse slaughterer to cover up the dead bodies of the animals he has destroyed while he conveys them through the public streets? Why should this be, while cart loads of bullocks' heads, stripped of their skins and hideously red with staring eyeballs, are publicly exposed while they are conveyed from one place to another? Why should van loads of reeking hides pass along our streets? why should hearts, livers, and protruding tongues be exposed publicly for sale, and sheep be suspended heads downwards, and the blood be allowed to trickle upon the paving stones giving offence to some passers by. In what does the dead body of a bullock differ from that of a horse?

and why do we cover up the one and publicly expose the other? What hypocrites are we.

R. J. PORTEOUS.

Nunhead, London.

* * *

The final justification or condemnation of any practice is its MORAL justification or condemnation. So we, whose thin minds are for ever analysing, are accustomed to say and think. But of God it is said that all His vast designs are one. The ethical runs through all things. A trespass against the physical is a trespass against the spiritual. The two are so linked that it is impossible to sin against the one without sinning against the other. And it is equally impossible, I think, to trespass against any other creature without trespassing against the spiritual in ourselves. The question is: Is flesh-eating such a trespass?

A cardinal defect in so many people is the lack of imagination. Having eyes we see not, for custom has laid its fatal spell upon us. It is said of Peter Bell that:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

And of most men it may be said that a beef steak is a juicy, savoury beefsteak to them, and it is nothing more. It is the fatal lack of imagination. Behind the beefsteak the seeing eye beholds the horrors of the slaughter-house, the hearing ear catches the pathetic litanies of the dying ox, the educated nose sniffs the sickening blood.

Most people never perceive these things, not so much because they deliberately turn away from them, but because they simply don't think about them. Imagination is often a troubling power, and they let it be. There is an imperiousness in a higher vision which disturbs our ease. It will not bow down to the idol custom, perhaps the earthliest and most popular of all idols.

Even if "Nature red in tooth and claw with ravine shrieks against our creed," what then? If a weasel kills rabbits, shall I emulate weaseldom? Shall I add to the great total of suffering in the world? Is it for me to sink or to soar? Shall I who am capable of the Beatitudes of the Master be a missionary of carnage? I find it written in these Beatitudes: Blessed are the merciful. Shall I put my compasses in that saying, and draw a circle round it and shut out from its majesty of meaning the sub-human creatures? Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father;—not a sheep nor a bullock. The widest interpretation of the Beatitudes of Jesus is the best. We may be certain that our greatest interpretations will not be so great as His.

The teaching of Jesus was not a teaching by schedule or catalogue. It was a teaching of far-reaching principles. He made no specific denunciation, *e.g.*, of slavery, that curse under which the civilized world of that day groaned, but He said: Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you. The most inveterate flesh-eater will hardly deny that the spirit of the Food Reform Movement is nearer to the spirit of Jesus than the spirit of the shambles.

R. W. JACKSON.

Guilden Morden, near Royston.

* * *

I ask those Christian carnivores who are anxious to make Christ the minister of their barbarous and unnatural appetite, what would be the result of making out their case? Have they reflected what would happen if it were possible for them to prove that Jesus had not only Himself eaten flesh, but had sanctioned its eating for all time, and by His sacred example practically commanded His followers to go on killing and eating to the end of the ages? The question would then become a larger one than, What about the animals? It would be, What about Christ? Let us prepare our minds by trying a few parallels.

The similar case of slavery has been already discussed. But let me ask this question:—If pro-slavery Christianity had made out its case—if the validity of the Old Testament had been established—if it had been universally granted that what Jesus never explicitly condemned He must be held to have approved—and that what He approved during his lifetime must be held obligatory upon all His followers to the end of time—what would have happened to Jesus? Could Parker, Channing, Garrison, Whittier and all the heroes of the Liberation, have gone on believing in this Jesus who had been triumphantly and finally established as the patron of slavery, the friend of the slaver? Assuredly not. Called upon to choose between the principles of Universal Freedom, Benevolence and Brotherhood, and the patron of slavery, they would have renounced Jesus for the sake of Humanity. Those who claimed the sanction of Jesus for slavery were running terrible risks. In staking the Sovereignty of Jesus upon Injustice and Cruelty, they were inviting all just and humane persons to abandon Jesus. This is plain.

Now apply this idea to the case in hand. It is said that because Jesus did not specifically condemn flesh-eating—because the records are silent as to whether He ate or abstained—therefore, He must have approved—therefore we must never cease to kill and eat. Do our Christian Carnivores, I ask, see the fearful risks they are running—the jeopardy in which they are putting Jesus? If it were accepted that Jesus were the patron of the cattle-ship, the slaughter-house, the Chicago shambles, the pole-axe—then He could not be the Master of those who resent these as a hideous outrage.

It is impossible that those who believe the system of flesh-eating to be an infernal crime against the helpless creatures whom man should protect, and at the same time an immeasurable source of degradation to man himself—it is impossible for such persons to call Him "Master" who sanctions and approves. So, then, the question I press home upon my fellow-Christians is this—Are you determined to drive us from Christ? Prove your case, and I, for one, abandon the Christian name.

But is the case proved? Far from it! Nay; the crowding beasts come with the little children, and the despised woman to do Him reverence who spoke the liberating word. Have we reflected that Jesus, by the sacrifice of Himself, abolished the hideous custom of animal sacrifices? Do we recall the frightful holocausts of bird and animal life—amounting, a Jewish writer boasts, sometimes to a quarter of a million of creatures on a single day—and how Jesus, following the noblest of the old prophets, abandoned and denounced all forms of bloody offering? Have we measured the full significance of this fact?

It is clear to my mind that, in abolishing bloody sacrifice to a hungry or angry God, Jesus abolished them as respects hungry or angry men. Sooner or later man follows the example of his God. And when God ceases to desire the fat of rams and of bullocks, so does *His worshipper*. The abolition of the slaughter-house follows naturally on that of the altar; the butcher vanishes, after the priest; the offering to human appetite disappears after the offering to Divine wrath. In creating throughout Christendom a bloodless altar, Jesus has also created a bloodless table; the one is a necessary consequence of the other.

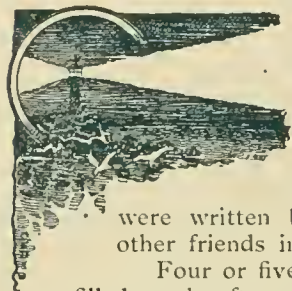
Butchery will go as certainly as slavery, war, drunkenness are going. It may go slowly; but *it will go*. And the chief agent in effecting its abolition will be the Spirit of Christ—the Spirit of Him who died, that there might be no more death; who was slain in order that, throughout the length and breadth of a regenerated universe, there might be no more slaying.

WALTER WALSH.

Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee.

Editorial Notes.

The past month has been an exceedingly busy and successful one in connection with our work.



A great amount of influence has been exerted in the Macclesfield district and elsewhere, by the publication in the *Macclesfield Courier* of a series of letters and articles on the subject of Humanity in Diet in relation to Christian ideals, (many of which were written by Members of our Council and other friends in our "fighting line" of workers).

Four or five columns of this paper have been filled week after week, and the opponent of humane dietetics who started the debate quickly retired from the field, hopelessly beaten by the overwhelming array of evidence and literary talent that was brought forward to support the claims of our Movement.

Many of these letters and testimonies which are written by clergymen and ministers are so valuable that they will be reproduced in our columns during the next few months, either verbatim or in a condensed form. I should like to have printed them all this month, but it would have been impossible, as our pages would not have contained them.

A series of these Articles by the Rev. J. Todd-Ferrier constitute such an important contribution to the literature of our cause, that they will be issued in booklet form by our Publishing Office after being printed in *The Herald*.

A considerable mark has thus been made upon contemporary thought, as copies of the *Courier* have been sent out by our Press Department to leaders of public opinion in various parts of the world.

* * *

Successful Meetings.

In addition to the above mentioned campaign, meetings have been addressed by our members in many places. Mr. Harold Whiston spoke to interested audiences at the Park Green Free Methodist Church, and the Wesleyan Guilds at Leek and at Northampton. At the two former meetings, the pastors (the Revs. J. S. Balfour and W. B. Allcock), are avowed abstainers from flesh-food, and those who attended were very sympathetic.

Mr. George Allen (the long distance pedestrian and record-breaker) has been lecturing in Bradford, Glasgow, and elsewhere, and Mrs. Hume has been giving demonstrations at Bournemouth.

Mrs. Macdonald reports that at one of her meetings in Melbourne, Australia, she sold fifty of our guide-books to anxious enquirers in *five minutes*, and could have sold many more if the stock had held out.

* * *

Our Indian Pioneer.

Mr. Labshankar Laxmidas (a Nâgar Brahmin) has been campaigning in Benares and Bombay, and he mentions that at one of his meetings, the President, though a Parsi, was, like himself, a member of The Order of the Golden Age.

The articles contained in this journal are frequently being reprinted in various Indian dialects, either in the native journals or in the form of leaflets—thus proving that genuine Christianity—which is not divorced from humaneness and which is free from irrational dogma—is treated with respect and received with sympathy by our brethren in the far East.

* * *

Encouraging Signs.

Letters of the most encouraging sort have poured in this month from all parts of the world. Heavy demands for our literature have come to hand, many new converts have reported themselves, many new applicants have sought

admission to The Order, and volunteers for service have proffered their aid.

I could fill the whole of our pages this month with extracts from letters that have been received from, or public utterances that have been made by friends who have been won over to our humane ideals and practice, in which the same are eloquently endorsed and ardently advocated as the result of personal experience in connection with fruitarian diet.

* * *

Prophetic Words.

An able letter by Mr. Harold Whiston, which was recently published in the *Macclesfield Courier*, contains the following courageous and faithful words:—

If the clergy and ministers and public teachers generally do not face this question honestly and fearlessly and take our side, then they will be left behind, for there are hundreds of people around us who are taking a higher standard of life to-day than ever, and whose Gospel of Love is big enough, and broad enough to include the four-footed dwellers on the earth.

A higher standard it unquestionably is, and no one need ever be ashamed of denying himself the pleasures of the table to which he has been accustomed possibly for years, when he knows that as a result of his self-denial he is helping to lessen cruelty, removing a great load of suffering from innocent creatures, and assisting in doing away with a system of labour which is demoralizing and degrading to all concerned.

The Humane Diet Movement has come to stay. It has struck a high note, and we have higher ones still to strike. By pen, by voice, through the help of a sympathetic press, and through that most potent of forces, "personal influence," we shall fight for the sub-human creatures until everybody recognises the greatness of our message and the beauty of our Ideal by choosing a humane and fruitarian diet.

Temporary opposition may come from the medical fraternity, from the orthodox religious thinkers, and from other sources, but there is abundant evidence, overwhelming and conclusive, to prove that such opposition can only be temporary, and can make no real difference to our Movement, for in the end *we must and shall win*.

It is not very many years ago since three large hearted men met in a little stable one night in Manchester, and by candlelight drew up a code of laws which they considered absolutely essential to save this country from disaster, and having signed the document and sworn loyalty to one another they went forth and ultimately changed public opinion and achieved their mission.

To-day there is another band of men and women, *many times three*, who have also sworn loyalty to one another, and to Truth, and to live for the welfare of the Race. Until they have exalted the Food Reform Movement to a lofty ideal worthy of the highest intelligence, they will not cease to toil with hand and brain, and they are prepared to suffer if needs be whilst their convictions of what is best for the body, the mind, and the spirit are being slowly realized.

When they come to "the end of the journey," they want to know that the best has been won, and that they are amongst those who have striven—in scorn of consequence, in spite of remonstrances from relatives and acquaintances, in face of the jeers of society—to stand true to the inner vision which must after all be to every man the source of all true revelation of what is noblest and best.

* * *

An Object Lesson.

The demoralizing influence that the witnessing of bloodshed exerts upon the young has just been demonstrated at a village in Moravia.

The three-year-old son of a farmer watched his father kill a pig; he then ran into the house and taking a knife killed his baby sister aged six months. He explained that "he wanted to see if she would squeal as the pig did."

It is a terrible fact that children are not only brought up in such a manner as to develop the most callous indifference concerning the sufferings of animals whom they see driven to butchery, but they are, in many towns, permitted to witness the horrors of the slaughter-house by peeping through the doors.

This not only takes place in villages, but even in the heart of the metropolis, for it has recently been alleged by several eye-witnesses that the children are frequently seen engaged in contemplating this demoralizing spectacle at the slaughter-houses in Blood Alley, Aldgate.

The Problem of Slumdom. The graphic description of the horrors of slumdom, which have recently been published in the *Daily News* must have awakened in the hearts of thousands an intense desire that something should be done to ameliorate the condition of those who are doomed to a purgatorial existence in the congested areas of our great cities.

When one reads such accounts of sordid misery and hopeless suffering, a deep sense of remonstrance against the present condition of things is created, but the question at once arises in one's mind—"What can be done to remedy this evil in a practical and permanent manner?"

* * *

Palliative Measures. We all know that temporary and palliative help can be rendered by charitable gifts—and wisely rendered if such aid be given with thoughtful judgment—but sporadic beneficence of this sort only touches the fringe of the evil.

It must also be evident to every practical and intelligent student of social problems that our legislators might do much to remedy the present state of things by adopting drastic measures to prohibit the herding of human beings in one-roomed dwellings. And that they ought to take such action, without delay, in the interests of the public welfare the national health, and the coming generations of the Anglo-Saxon race.

* * *

Factory Settlements. They could also bring about the removal of all factories, to sites which are at least ten miles from the outer boundaries of our great cities, and encourage the formation of manufacturing settlements on 'garden city' lines, where decent and healthy accommodation would be provided for the workers and their families.

And by these means the congestion of the slum areas would be relieved, and, in addition, the "London fog nuisance" would be at the same time partially overcome.

They could start public works for the employment of the multitudes who are out of work, and restrict the immigration of pauper aliens, and adopt many other palliative measures.

* * *

Back to the Land. But a great evil of this sort can only be *effectually* and permanently combatted by striking at its root and *removing its cause*. And the real remedy for the congested life of our cities, and the demoralization which results from it consists, in reversing the process of rural de-population and in getting a large number of our city dwellers back to the land.

* * *

National Degeneration. If this could be accomplished, not only would the fierce struggle for existence in slumdom be permanently remedied, but the great danger which now threatens us as a nation—of rapid physical degeneration—would be averted.

And this matter is of vital and urgent importance, for it is an alarming fact that within a comparatively few decades our cities will no longer be able to draw upon and absorb the healthy flesh and blood of our rural populations, which are at the present time available for the replenishment of urban vitality.

When these supplies of healthy manhood and womanhood cease—as they soon *will* cease—our degeneration will set in apace. And the prospect is a gloomy one to those who have studied our mortality and health statistics, and who, in consequence, apprehend the truth in relation to this matter.

We may build up a mighty empire and cherish great ideas of our racial destiny, but if a century hence we only

have physical weaklings to hold this empire against the world, it will be taken from our hands in the same manner that the great empires in the past were wrested from their possessors, when they became enfeebled by luxury, vice, or physical transgression.

* * *

The Only Way. It is, I think, admitted by those whose opinion is worth having, that the true solution of this problem lies in getting the people back to the country, but the question that is uppermost in many minds, and which our statesmen appear to be unable to answer, is, "How can this be accomplished?"

I have pondered over this problem and although I see many ways in which such a migration might be encouraged and helped by our statesmen and municipal authorities I only see one way of really solving the problem which promises success.

It is *by changing the diet of the people*, and thus creating an immensely increased demand for fruit and market-garden and agricultural produce. For this would cause a greatly increased demand for spade labour, and the land which is used for grazing purposes could then be made to support a ten-fold number of agricultural labourers.

* * *

How to Create the Desire. If fruitarianism were popularised in place of carnivorousness—and the trend of thought is now rapidly setting in this direction—if this purer and simpler diet were generally adopted, not only would millions of labourers be able to derive their sustenance directly from the land, but a *disposition* would soon become manifest on the part of those who are at present city-dwellers to migrate to the green fields, where their lives could be lived in the fresh air and amongst the wholesome surroundings that Nature provides.

I speak from experience on this latter point, for I am frequently receiving letters from city converts to fruitarianism who express an intense longing to get right away from the urban smoke and vitiated air, even though such removal may incur pecuniary loss and increased frugality.

And not only would multitudes become disposed to migrate to the country, but they would be able to feed themselves when they got there. For the average abstainer from flesh-food turns his hand instinctively to the growing of fruit and vegetables, and the raising of honey, eggs and dairy produce.

In certain cases where families were too impoverished to be able to provide the cost of removing themselves to the country municipal aid could easily and wisely be rendered.

* * *

An Encouraging Thought. We Food-Reformers are therefore, in view of these facts, justified in cherishing the belief that by striving to bring about humanity in diet, and the adoption of Fruitarianism in place of carnivorousness, we are really doing the best that can be done under the circumstances to solve this terrible problem of extreme poverty in our cities, and this thought should encourage us to labour with greater zeal and earnestness.

This conviction has been one of the chief motives that has led me to strive, in season and out of season, during the past eight years, to bring about this great Dietetic Reformation. For whilst I feel intensely and keenly concerning the wrongs and sufferings of the animal creation, I realize and deplore still more strongly the human suffering, demoralization and loss which results, directly and indirectly, from the prevalence of the carnivorous habit.

The Easier Path.

It would be a much easier and a much more pleasant task to play the part of a good Samaritan, by going about amongst the poor and giving relief to a certain number of the distressed ones, but I know that such action would only be palliative and likely to bring help to the few. To bring blessing to the greatest number and to remedy effectually this cancer in our body politic, the cause of the disease must be removed; and the symptoms with them naturally disappear.

I therefore feel constrained to play the unpopular and somewhat distasteful part of a dietetic reformer—a deprecator of the barbaric and unhygienic habits of my contemporaries—a “disturber of the peace of Israel.” And I invite others to devote, in like manner, their strength and time and talent to this beneficent Crusade.

* * *

Rational Christian-Endeavour.

This more far-sighted policy and more rational form of Christian Endeavour is now commending itself to hundreds of the world's truest patriots and most progressive and clear sighted thinkers, for many such are now labouring to bring about a general realization that fruitarian diet is man's natural and God-given food, and that the practice of eating blood-stained flesh is a violation of physical law which entails serious penalty and loss and suffering upon our race, in many forms and in various ways.

* * *

Compulsory Vaccination.

I have received the following letter from Mr. James Wilson, of the Glasgow Theosophical Society. Its contents merit consideration, especially by those who in consequence of having adopted hygienic and natural diet, have no cause whatever to fear smallpox or similar filth diseases.

I am surprised that so few of our “Health and Purity” advocates are paying any attention to the Vaccination movement. At present the case stands thus:—

The present Vaccination Acts expire on 31st December, 1903. On 14th January, a deputation from The Imperial Vaccination League was received by the President of the Local Government Board. They asked for a renewal of the Acts, and Mr. Long promised to introduce a Bill to that effect, assuring the deputation that he was in entire sympathy with them.

Now, I maintain such a Bill is unnecessary, because

1st.—Vaccination does not prevent smallpox, and

2nd.—It is responsible, directly or indirectly, for much suffering, disease and death.

In any case, Vaccination should be left to stand on its own merits. If it is any good, the people will have it without compulsion, if it is no good, but absolutely injurious—as I maintain it is—then, to make it compulsory, is nothing less than a crime.

I therefore appeal to all who value health and purity, to do their best by pen and voice, to have this legalized blood-poisoning abolished.”

* * *

A Growing Movement.

The Montreal *Daily Herald*, under the title of “The Decline of Meat-eating,” publishes the following information:—

“Within the last year or two, for some unknown reason—possibly, as vegetarians suggest, from the momentum gained by a truth once set rolling—the vegetarian cult has taken a fresh start and has flourished mightily. . . . It has really attained considerable importance on the Pacific slope. Vegetarian restaurants are thick as June blackberries out there; and in Los Angeles there is one restaurant of the kind which serves from 400 to 500 persons every day. . . . Vegetables, fruit and nuts are delicious and cheap in California, and the mild equable climate favours a light diet; but whatever the cause of the vegetarian enthusiasm the practice is bound to spread the doctrine.”

* * *

Another Centenarian Food Reformer.

The Sydney *Evening News* has published an account of the death of Mr. Emmanuel Silva, a well-known Government servant and oldest resident of New South Wales.

He passed away at the age of one hundred and two years, retaining his mental faculties up to the very last.

He was practically a vegetarian *all his life*, and he has thus provided another object lesson, which demonstrates that abstinence from flesh-food, combined with hygienic living, favours longevity.

* * *

A Veteran's Testimony.

One of the oldest Members of our Order (Mr. Samuel Saunders, of Market Lavington, Devizes), writes the following noteworthy testimony:—

“I have been a total abstainer from alcoholic drink for 72 years. I have never touched tobacco, and have never spent a shilling for either. I have abstained from fish, flesh, and fowl for 62 years and have been observant of the rules of health—I have never had a headache, never been in bed a whole day from illness, or suffered pain, except from trivial accidents. I have had a very happy, and I hope somewhat useful life, and now in my 88th year I am as light and lissom, and as capable of receiving a new idea as I was 20 years ago.”

* * *

The Horrors of Sport.

The following extract from a book entitled *Sport and Travel*, gives one a glimpse of the unrecognised cruelty and torture which is inflicted upon animals by those who have not as yet reached that stage of evolution when consideration for other creatures and compassion for the martyrs of the sub-human races becomes manifest in their daily lives:—

“Hurrah! a hit, a most palpable hit! for although no thud brought conviction to my ear that my bullet had sped true, I saw the old goat stagger as if about to fall and then recover himself and limp slowly forwards. . . . The wounded animal limped slowly forwards and then upwards, looking every instant as if it were about to fall, and at length disappeared behind a cluster of bushes. . . . I made directly for the bushes behind which I had seen the goat disappear, and great was my chagrin when on getting to them there was no dead or dying animal to be seen. . . . Although there was no blood to be seen, I felt sure from the way he had behaved after my shot that the wounded animal was badly hurt. . . . The evening was closing in. For the time at least we were beaten.

The next morning, although much disheartened, I by no means despaired of yet recovering the goat, for from my long experience of such matters I knew that with a broken hind leg he could hardly have got to more than a mile or so from where we had last seen him.

The following morning was Sunday. On reaching the spot once more. . . . I heard a wild halloo below me. . . . How I tore down the hillside! and how joyful were the emotions I experienced. . . . standing over the dead body of the great one-horned ram! . . . On examining the carcase I found that the shot fired across the valley had hit him just in front of the left thigh, and trending backwards through the intestines had smashed the right thigh-bone rather high up just below the hip, and then passed out. . . . The last shot fired at close quarters had entered in the flank and passed up through the stomach. Considering the severity of these two wounds, I think the tenacity of the old goat little short of marvellous. With a broken hip and very severe internal injuries in addition, he had yet managed to climb up and down the sides of several steep ravines and put a distance of many hundred yards between himself and his enemies before finally lying down to die. When we found him he could not have been long dead.”

It is only the ‘lower classes’ of mankind—speaking from the spiritual standpoint—who can commit such deeds as these, for those who have advanced beyond a very elementary stage of soul-growth would be literally haunted by the thought of such ruffianism if they had been guilty of it.

* * *

The Cheerful Outlook.

Springtime finds me happy, summer makes me sing;
Falltime is so glorious, I hear the joybells ring!
Winter—I jest love it, with fires blazin’ free!
Every blessed season is packed with sweets for me!

Great old world, I tell you; don’t care what they say
With the frosts of winter, with the flowers of May,
Ain’t it doin’ splendid? Anyone can see
Every cup is brimmin’ with joy fer you an’ me!

Frank L. Stanton.

The Testimony of History.

In favour of *Fruitarianism* and *Humanity in Diet*.

That Aristophagy has a long and honourable history, both sacred and profane, must surely be known to every student of philosophy and ecclesiastical history. As however, it is doubted or denied by many that the finest intellects of the world were humane dietists and fruitarians, it may be well to listen to what they themselves have written or said.

And I do not hesitate to affirm that most of them possessed a wisdom higher far than that which passes for wisdom in our present day civilization. They had the courage of their convictions, and showed it by applying them to life. Their humaneness was practical, and their precepts became deeds. They were not simply against vivisection for scientific purposes, but the "vivisection" of a living creature for food was equally abhorrent. Their "league of pity" was full-rounded. It did not stop outside of the slaughter-house, but entered it, and sought to put an end to death for food purposes.

First, let us look at the evidence of the early Christian Fathers. Theologians and others admire them, and often make use of their writings for other purposes. It were well if we their ancestors followed them a little more closely in noble living. They taught that in a healthy community the standard of conduct ought to be "constantly rising," and the humane instinct "constantly growing." Especially was this the case with Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria and John Chrysostom.

Tertullian, the most learned of all the Latin theologians, was bold enough to proclaim his convictions. The second century in which he lived needed it. It is not to be wondered at that the orthodox party of his time parted from his company. His trenchant words have come down to us, and are required by this Age also. The habits of the Western Christian Churches have been a blot on the teaching of the Master and the Fathers. Westernised Christianity, in seeking to conquer the East, has too often only materialised the Faith. And the failure of missionaries to win over the cultured of the East is through our gross Western habits of living. For the man whose religion teaches him to hold all life as sacred is not likely to be converted to a faith that deems no life sacred but man's.

These things Tertullian taught—that flesh-eating was not conducive to the highest life, that it violated the unwritten and written moral law, that it debased man in intellect and heart, and that it closed the doors of the Inner Temple of the Intuition.

In his writing, "*De Jejuniis Adversus Psychicos*," he treats his contemporaries to the following scathing description of the life which they were living:—

"Your belly is your God, your liver is your temple, your paunch is your altar, the cook is your priest, and the fat steam is your Holy

Spirit: the seasonings and the sauces are your chrisms, and your eructations are your prophesyings. . . . It is in the cooking pots that your love is inflamed—it is in the kitchen that your faith grows fervid—it is in the flesh dishes that all your hope lies hid. . . . Who is held in so much esteem with you as the frequent *giver of dinners*, as the *sumptuous entertainer*? . . . Consistently do you men of flesh reject the things of the Spirit. But if your prophets are complacent toward such persons, they are not my prophets."

Think of such a voice sounding through all the Churches of the world, and of such a message falling upon the ears of the people of this land who pride themselves on their advanced Christian civilization! Would the Government appoint Tertullian to be a Bishop? Would they tolerate him in any sanctuary? Nay, verily. To the world he would be a crank; and to the Church-goers an arch-heretic.

And again,

"How unworthily do you press the example of Christ as having come 'eating and drinking' into the service of your lusts. I think that He who pronounced not the full but the hungry and thirsty 'Blessed,' who professed His work to be the completion of His Father's will, I think that He was wont to abstain, instructing them to labour for that 'Meat' which lasts to eternal life, and enjoining in their common prayers petition, not for rich and gross food, but for bread only. . . . And if there be One who prefers a spirit exercised by abstinence, it is surely that God to whom neither a gluttonous people nor priest was acceptable—monuments of whose concupiscence remain to this day, where lies buried a people greedy and clamorous for flesh-meats, gorging quails even to the point of inducing jaundice. . . . Nature herself will inform us whether, before gross eating and drinking, we were not of much more powerful intellect, of much more sensitive feeling, than when the entire domicile of men's interior has been stuffed with meats and inundated with wine."

This is an interpretation of the experiences of the Israelites which history has confirmed, and which has been repeated in many other nations; and I would remark that the testimony of Tertullian has been the testimony of the best thinkers of the ages. Would it were laid to heart!

In the early days of Christianity there was a record which was valued very much, in which the Jewish and the pure Christian ideas on this subject were debated. I refer to the interesting Clementine Homilies. This record was founded on the preaching of Peter; and in it we have these words:—

"The unnatural eating of flesh-meats is as polluting as the heathen worship of devils, with its sacrifices and its impure feasts, through participation in which a man becomes a fellow-eater with devils." (Homily xix., 22.)

At this time there also appeared the famous work of Marcion, the first and most distinguished Apostle of the Higher Spiritualism of the Early Church. In his Antitheses he upheld the doctrine of abstinence from flesh-meats. Indeed, he anticipated all and more than the results of the Higher Criticism. And all the leading Gnostics followed his teaching and example.

What Tertullian was for the West, Clement of Alexandria became for the East. The founder of the famous School of Thought at Alexandria, he himself was the most cultured philosopher of his time. In his "*Instructor*" he says on the subject of eating that

"Those who use the most frugal fare are the strongest, the healthiest and the noblest. . . . We must guard against those sorts of food which persuade us to eat when we are not hungry, bewitching the appetite. For is there not, within a temperate simplicity, a wholesome variety of eatables—vegetables, roots, olives, herbs, milk, cheese, fruits and all kinds of dry food? . . . For, of sorts of food, these are the most proper which are fit for immediate use without fire, since they are readiest: and second to these are those which are the simplest" (though they have to be cooked.)

"But those who bend around inflammatory tables, nourishing their own diseases, are ruled by a most licentious disease which I shall venture to call the demon of the belly: the worst and most vile of demons. It is far better to be happy than to have a devil dwelling in us; and happiness is found only in the practice of virtue."

"There is always work, and the tools to work withal, for those who will."

Accordingly the Apostle Matthew lived upon seeds and nuts, hard-shelled fruits and vegetables, without the use of flesh." (Pædagogus ii., 1.)

And then in his "Miscellanies" he points out the moral and spiritual value of abstinence from flesh foods.

"If any righteous man does not burden his soul by the eating of flesh he has the advantage of a rational motive. How Xenokrates, treating of 'Food derived from Animals,' and Polemon in his work 'On Life according to Nature,' seem clearly to affirm that animal food is unwholesome! . . . Some eat them as being useless, others as destructive of fruits, and others do not eat them because they are said to have a strong propensity to sexual vice." (Stromata "On Sacrifices.")

Here we have the whole question of social and moral economics raised—the very thing that we as an "Order" affirm, which in a future article I hope to deal with.

And once more I would have Clement speak, remembering that to him and his cultured pupil, Origen, we owe the divine doctrine of the Logos in relation to the Christ and ourselves, and that they kept alive in an evil and material Age the most spiritual form of Christian truth. What would the Christian Church to-day say to its leaders if they taught the doctrine of Clement concerning sacrifices in relation to this burning question?—

"The very ancient altar of Delos was celebrated for its purity, to which alone, as being undefiled by slaughter and death, they say that Pythagoras would permit approach. And they will not believe us when we say that the *righteous soul* is the truly sacred altar? But I believe that Sacrifices were invented by men to be a pretext for eating flesh." (Stromata, on "Sacrifices.")

Think what would happen in this land of ours if the Heads of all the Churches, the leading thinkers and preachers, heralded such a message to their Age as bold and true as did the cultured Bishop of Alexandria towards the close of the second century of our Era!

The Churches would be turned upside down and inside out; their altars would be purified in the laver of regeneration; their sacrifices would no longer be tainted with inhumanity and gross thoughts of living; they would be the embodiment rather of Paul's purest ideal—"I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present *your bodies* a *living Sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable worship."

The holiest place would not be shut in with stones, but would find itself in the temple of the heart. The worshippers might be fewer, but they would be purer; in numbers the Church might be less and poorer, but in vision and spiritual power it would be mightier far.

It is not necessary for me to quote at length from others of the Fathers, as space is valuable. But I may say that Origen carried out the teaching of his Master. However, to John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople, at the close of the fourth Century, the most eloquent and zealous of the Fathers, I must pause to refer.

Trained for the law, he gave up everything when he embraced the new faith, went into the solitude for four years and lived the life of the strictest asceticism. Then he came forth to enter the Church and climb to the Episcopal Seat of Constantinople where, in eloquent candour, he poured forth his soul upon rich and poor alike.

Speaking of those who had consecrated themselves to the highest ideals he says:

"No streams of blood are among them; no butchering and cutting up of flesh; no dainty cookery; no heaviness of head. Nor are there

horrible smells of flesh-meats among them, or disagreeable fumes from the kitchen. No tumult or disturbance and wearisome clamours, but bread and water. . . . If, however, they may desire to feast more sumptuously, the sumptuousness consists in fruits, and their pleasure in these is greater than at royal tables."

Then pronouncing against the flesh-eating habits of his time, he writes:

"We follow the ways of Wolves, the habits of Tigers; or, rather, we are worse even than they. To them Nature has assigned that they should be thus fed, while God has honoured us with rational speech and a sense of equity. And yet we are become worse than the wild beasts." (Homily lxix. on Matthew xxii., 1-14).

And in his Homily on the teaching of the Epistle to the Corinthians, where he is calling his people to the highest life, to the most simple and pure habits, and to the most consecrated service, he says:

"No one debars you from these, nor forbids you your daily food. I say 'food,' not 'luxury'; 'raiment' not 'ornament.' . . . For consider, who should we say more truly feasted—he whose diet is herbs, and who is in sound health and suffered no uneasiness, or he who has the table of a Sybarite and is full of a thousand disorders? Certainly the former. Therefore let us seek nothing more than these, if we would at once live luxuriously and healthfully. And let him who can be satisfied with pulse, and can keep in good health, seek for nothing more. But let him who is weaker, and needs to be dieted with other vegetable fruits, not be debarred from them."

And yet once more in his xiii. Homily on Timothy, we have a description of the sensualising effects of carnivorous living upon the mind, heart, and spirit of man—a description of the persistent violation of the Divine Laws of Being, which all history has proved to be true, and which might have been penned for the times in which we live:

"A man who lives in selfish luxury is dead while he lives, for he lives only to his stomach. In other senses he lives not. He sees not what he ought to see; he hears not what he ought to hear; he speaks not what he ought to speak. . . . If it were possible to bring the Soul into view and to behold it with our bodily eyes—it would seem depressed, mournful, miserable, and wasted with leanness, for the more the body grows sleek and gross, the more lean and weakly is the Soul. The more the one is pampered, the more the other is hampered" (literally "buried.")

Thus far I have only referred to Christian Thinkers and Apologists, and the space is all too brief to deal with the Greek and Latin and Indian philosophers and historians who exercised great influence upon the thought and character of their time. The teaching of many of these magnificent thinkers was Christian in all but name. Indeed, it was superior by far to the practices of Judaism and Jewish Christianity; and it was permeated with the Humane Spirit to a degree that would put our Western interpretation of Christianity to shame.

Whilst Isaiah was striving to evangelize Israel and win the nation to more humane and purer habits, in the Isles of Greece Hesiod was singing and working to win his countrymen to ideals almost as high. He belonged to the Orphic Society—supposed to have been founded by Orpheus—who was said by Horatius to have introduced the reformation in diet among his countrymen. In his song of the "Golden Age" found in his "Works and Days," he pictures the declension of the race. In the nobler and humaner days—

"Like gods, they lived with calm untroubled mind,
Free from the toil and anguish of our kind.
Nor did decrepid age mis-shape their frame.
Pleased with earth's unbought feasts: all ills removed,
All Nature's common blessings were their own."

The "Silver Age" which followed was still free from bloodshed for food; but when the "Brazen Age" came, then too became

"Bloody their feasts, with wheaten food unblest."

But those Souls who had attained the Olympian heights fed on the "Ambrosia of the Gods"—a symbol of purity in diet, and a consecration of all the powers of life to deity.

But space fails me to tell of the historic records left by Pythagoras and Sakya—Muni, of Philolaus and Socrates, Plato, and Empedokles, of Asoka and Ovid, of Diogenes, Porphyry and Iamblicus, of Seneca, Plutarch, and Musonius—all Master Spirits, men of giant intellects and divine souls, who sang and laboured to redeem their people from inhumane feeding and living and lift them on to the plane of Celestial Being. Theirs was an inspiration worthy of the Christian teaching and ideal.

And I might go on to speak of earlier times and later times, of how the Egyptian Dynasty came to grief, and in later days proud, boastful Israel; how nations early and late have died out as the result of the loss of divine intuition through gross habits of life and inhumane conduct; how Greece and Rome in the height of their glory were practically Frugivorous; how the finest intellects thrived on simple earth-fare and Cæsar's armies conquered the Western World on maize and oil.

There is no limit to the testimony of history on the physical, moral and religious advantages of non-flesh diet. Whether we listen to Greece or to Rome, to Egypt or to Israel, to the Historian, the Philosopher, or to the Theologian the message is the same.

They have all discovered in every land that Higher Law of God written in the human heart and in Nature, disobedience to which brings physical pain and corruption, moral dullness and inertia, spiritual blindness and impotence—the very things which now lie upon Society like a nightmare.

And having discovered that law in themselves, and through the divine consciousness in them, beholding the solidarity of the whole world of life, they lived and toiled to better the Earth by saving men from degrading habits, and redeeming them unto a life of full-rounded virtue in which tenderness and compassion, mercy and fellow-feeling should not be wanting even towards the sub-human creatures.

And this very thing we do who are members of the sacred "Order of the Golden Age."

We are moved by the same great Law, by the consciousness of the same Eternal God, by the like humane pulses of the divinely quickened soul, believing as we do that flesh-eating is injurious to the health, that it is abhorrent to the best moral consciousness, that it is derogatory to our divine childhood, that it is absolutely inconsistent with humaneness to our fellow-mammals.

We believe that our "dominion" over them is that of the true Patriarch and King, not that of the despot, the tyrant, the sacrificial priest!

In conclusion I would recall to your readers' minds the teaching of the great prophet of India, Gautama Bhudda, teaching worthy of a place in every Christian creed. I quote from "The Light of Asia," by Sir Edwin Arnold.

Having come upon some Brahmin priests offering sacrifice in the presence of the King, he remonstrated with them to grand effect—

"But Bhudda softly said,
 'Let him not strike, great King!' and therewith loosed
 The victims bonds, none staying him, so great
 His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
 Of life which all can take but none can give.
 Life which all creatures love and strive to keep.
 Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
 Given to the meanest: yea, a boon to all
 Where pity is; for pity makes the world
 Soft to the weak and noble for the strong—
 Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
 Sad, pleading words, showing how man, who prays
 For mercy to the Gods, is merciless,
 Being as God to these: albeit all life
 Is linked and kin; and what we slay have given
 Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
 Fast trust upon the hands that murder them."

While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
 This earth were, if all living things be linked
 In friendliness and common use of foods,
 Bloodless and pure—the golden grain, bright fruits,
 Sweet herbs, which grow for all, the waters wan,
 Sufficient drinks and meats—which when these heard,
 The might of gentleness so conquered them,
 The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
 And flung away the steel of sacrifice;
 And through the land next day passed a decree
 Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
 On rock and column. Thus the King's will is:
 "There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice,
 And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
 Shall spill the blood of life, nor taste of flesh;
 Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
 And mercy cometh to the merciful."

Next month I hope to deal with the "Testimony of Science."

J. Todd Ferrier.

Congregational Church, Macclesfield.

The Dream of Peace.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need for arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!

And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain

Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter—and then cease;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Longfellow.

UNRECOGNISED PROPHETS.

"There are many to help a cause which has attained to success, few to help a cause, however righteous, while as yet success has not been achieved. The toil and sacrifice of leading the vanguard of progressive ideas has always devolved upon the heroic few. In their own day they are neglected or stoned. Posterity cherishes their names and builds them sepulchres.

It ought to impress us with remorseful melancholy to think how often the world has known nothing of its greatest men till after it has lost them; how it has huzzed itself hoarse over the little hero of the passing hour and overlooked the inconspicuous builder in its midst who was building for eternity.

Saladin.

The Soul's Awakening.

I have done at length with dreaming ;
Henceforth, O thou Soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine,
Life is struggle, combat, victory
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn?

O, how many a glorious record
Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept.
But begone ! regret, bemoaning
Ye but weaken at the best ;
I have tried the trusty weapons,
Resting erst within my breast ;

I have wakened to my duty,
To a knowledge strong and deep,
That I dreamed not of aforesaid
In my long inglorious sleep ;
For to loose is something awful,
And I knew it not before ;
And I dreamed not how stupendous
Was the secret that I bore—

The great, deep, mysterious secret
Of a life to be wrought out,
Into warm, heroic conduct
Weakened not by fear or doubt.
In this subtle sense of living,
Newly stirred in every vein
I can feel a throb electric,
Pleasure half allied to pain—

'Tis so great—and yet so awful !
So bewildering—yet so brave !
To be king in every conflict,
Where before I crouched a slave !
'Tis so glorious to be conscious
Of a mighty power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
Of a charged and marshalled sin.

Never in those old romances,
Felt I half the sense of life
That I feel within me stirring,
Standing in the place of strife,
O, thou olden days of dalliance,
When I wantoned with my fate,
When I trifled with a knowledge
That well-nigh had come too late.

Yet my Soul, look not behind thee !
Thou hast work to do at last !
Let the brave toil of the Present
Overarch the grumbling Past.
Build thy great acts, high and higher ;
Build them on the conquered sod,
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thou learned thou wast a god.

Wisdom Let Loose.

If you do not wish for His Kingdom, don't pray for it.
But if you do, you must do more than pray for it ;
you must work for it. RUSKIN.

The Ideal life, the life of full completions haunts us all.
We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath
the thing we are. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving
to the purpose he sees to be best. GEORGE ELLIOT.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavour to
be what you desire to appear. SOCRATES.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no
other, and scarce in that. FRANKLIN.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour,
like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.
EMERSON.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled
that of being pleasant. CHARLES BUXTON.

In the moral world there is nothing impossible if we bring
a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with
himself. VON HUMBOLDT.

I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very
dog and cat are not the better for it." ROWLAND HILL.

No one can have a true idea of the right until he does it,
any genuine reverence for it until he has done it often and
with cost, any peace ineffable in it until he does it always
and with alacrity. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Faith, absolute dogmatic faith, is the law of true success.
When we recognise the fact that a man carries his success
or his failure with him, and that it does not depend upon out-
side conditions, we will come into the possession of powers
that will quickly change outside conditions into agencies that
make for success. We will then be great enough to attract
success, and it will not always be apparently just a little
ways ahead. RALPH W. TRINE.

Man's freedom is complete. No power in the universe com-
pels him to be good. But when he has chosen good,
he is invulnerable at every point. No floods can overwhelm
him. Underneath are the "Everlasting Arms."
C. B. NEWCOMBE.

There never was a call to men and women to be more solely
and fully religious than now. We need to put forth the
power of our religion in active duties, to live it in our social
circles as well as personally. CHANNING.

You ask me for what reason Pythagoras abstained from
eating the flesh of brutes. For my part I am astonished
to think what appetite first induced man to taste of a dead
carcase, or what motive could suggest the notion of nourish-
ing himself with the putrifying flesh of dead animals.
PLUTARCH.

Reincarnation is the most logical and consistent philosophy
on the earth to-day when understood. It is the quin-
tessence of all science. It is the palpable proof of the
immortal life, and its teachings lift us above the fogs of
superstition and doubt, and place our feet firmly on the rock
of truth. May you learn of it and profit thereby.
A. MARK STODDARD.

Speech, whether by written or spoken word, is too crude
and slow to keep pace with the needs of the now swiftly
ascending mind. The mind is feeling about already for more
perfect forms of human intercourse than telegraphed or tele-
phoned words. However little we know of it—however
little we believe it—telepathy, theoretically, is the next stage
in the evolution of language. PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

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* * *

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* * *

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